## Helen Keller Opposes Preparedness

Helen Adams Keller, the wonderful deaf and blind woman, will pass her 36th milestone today, having been born on June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, Ala. Miss Keller, whose achievements in spite of her great infirmities have given her an international reputation, has of late years become a radical and revolutionary advocate of unpopular causes. She is no longer the sweet sentimentalist who as the heroine of the readers of feminine magazines preached piety and good cheer, but a dynamic bundle of energy who would upset the present world and remold it "nearer to the heart's desire." She has broken with the old religion and the old political and economic systems, and in many of her opinions she now seems radical even to socialists.

The preparedness program meets with Miss Keller's utter condemnation. She has called upon the workingmen of the United States to refuse to join the army or militia, and has declared that it makes little difference to labor under what flag it toiled.

"No conqueror will take the toiler's poverty from him," asserted the blind and dumb agitator. "No conqueror will beat down his wages or wreck his unions more ruthlessly than his own fellow citizens of the capitalist class. The worker has nothing to lose but his chains, and he has a world to gain.

"We make plans for an army and navy that will scare the world. We do this in the face of history, which proves that wars cannot settle anything. In the past 3,000 years 8,000 treaties have been signed. Each was to remain in force forever. Their average length was two years. Do we hope that the eight thousand and first treaty will work a miracle?

"Le tus make a junk heap out of the civilization of kaisers and kings and all the things that make of man a brute and of God a monster."

Miss Keller declares that she is much happier as a revolutionist, "infidel," and "traitor" than she was in the old days when she was religious and accepted the present order of things as right and ordained by God. "Reality even when it is sad is better than illusions," she asserted. Many of Miss Keller's friends have sought to induce her to suppress her radical views, but she insists that she will go to jail, if necessary, to uphold her views.



### The Practical Pacifist.

With these warlike preparations,
Going on in all the nations,
There's a feeling through me stealing
that I cannot quite refrain.
I was once a peaceful fellow,
Heart and spirit sweet and mellow,
With no burning and no yearning to
give anybody pain,
But if somewhere on this planet
There's a ship, with men to man it,
That is aching and is making to
blow up my native land,
Or if regiments are coming,
With their bugles and their drumming,
To annoy us and destroy us, I'll get
up and take a hand!

It's no time for exaltation
Or pacific aberration,
When some stranger threatens danger and the plot of war is laid.
Those who come will find me ready,
Will and muscle strong and steady,
For a fellow may be mellow and not
be the least afraid.

I'm for peace, the same as ever,
But dear peace and I must sever
While the rattle of the battle keeps
me dodging someone's lead.
All I want is ammunition
And I'll see that my position
Is defended when war's ended and
I'm sure I am not dead!
—Lurana Sheldon in New York Times

### PASSING OF AN ALMANAC EXPERT

The death of George W. Olney, editor of the World Almanac, should not pass without a word of recognition of the remarkable work he accomplished in that publication. From the time that the Almanac assumed something like its present proportions, about 20 years ago, it has been an invaluable repository of information on an astonishing variety of subjects, as notable for accuracy as for scope, and placed by its low price within the reach of everybody. Many a more ambitious undertaking in the bookmaking line has been infinitely less productive of solid benefit. To have presided over this work, to the age of 80, with the constant watchfulness that is necessary to insure its correctness as well as its adequacy, is to have made a rare record.—New York Evening Post.

Wireless communication with Europe by way of Sayville, L. I., has been temporarily interrupted.

Articles of incorporation were filed at Albany by the Stutz Motor Car Co., of America, Inc., capital $375,000.

# SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, IS THE SILENT MAN OF ENGLISH ARMY

**Never Tells General of His Plans, But Merely What They Are to Do—Averse to Publicity—Has Studied French and Germany Army Methods With Remarkable Studiousness.**

British Headquarters, France, June 27.—No military leader is more averse to publicity or works more silently than Sir Douglas Haig, the British commander-in-chief in France. To those who are importunate for the offensive his answer is patience and yet again patience while the new munition factories begin to produce and he continues his building. His generals say that he never tells them his plans: only what they are to do.

Probably not one man out of ten of the million or more under his command would recognize him if they saw him. Not given to reviews or any kind of display, this quiet and studious Scotsman was the choice of the progressive, practical, driving element of the army as the one fit by equipment, training and experience to succeed Sir John French. At fifty-five he is nine years younger than Sir John and ten years younger than Joffre or von Hindenburg.

There is a story that he entered the army as the result of a boyish wager. He went through Oxford with distinction before he went to the military school at Sandhurst. His choice of arm was the cavalry which has had so little to do so far in this war. But no sooner had he received his commission, later in life, than most officers because of the time he had spent at Oxford, than he set out with the thoroughness of the student to master every branch of his profession.

"It was in Berlin in the nineties that I met a Captain Haig who was studying German and the German army," said an Englisihman. "I was struck by his industry—not a brilliant man ,perhaps, but a sound and well balanced one. A little hesitant of speech; what he did say went to the heart of things."

He studied the French army, too, and the history of all campaigns with the systematic thoroughness that he applied to everything. It was the same with his pastimes as his profession. Whether he had talent for it or not he made himself a first class golf player though the form which he developed did not excite the envy of professionals.

At the British Army Staff College, where officers learn organization, he was a marked man before he acted as Chief-of-Staff to General French in South Africa in the operations that made French's reputation. He was a soldier's soldier who had won solid professional esteem though the public had hardly heard of this reserved, undemonstrative worker.

Of the men of command rank in the British Army in August, 1914, he and Sir William Robertson—another studious man who had arisen from the ranks and, is now Chief of Staff in London—were the two who were appraised by the generation of officers who had developed since South Africa as having prepared themselves for the direction of large bodies of troops on the scale of continental warfare. They were not the magnetic, dashing leader type, but organizers.

Going out in command of the First Army of the British Expeditionary Force Sir Douglas had seventeen months experience, Mons, Ypres and Loos, of the warfare pf the Western front—which all agree is the toughest school any soldier has ever known.

There was no doubt who commanded the First Army. It was Haig. He was no figure head for the work of an able chief-of-staff. London gossip did not bandy his name about; he was not a personality to the public though he was to the army.

When anyone asked at the front who was the best man to take Sir John's place the answer was almost invariably: "Haig." He had not captured the army's imagination, but its reason. The tribute was one to brains.

The New Army was arriving in great numbers from its English drill-grounds when he took over command. His country expects him to make it an instrument which will execute a successful offensive on the Western front where the four month's effort of the Germans at Verdun, the French effort in Champagne and the British effort at Neuve Chapelle and Loos convince many military circles that the feat is impossible.

His first operation, carried out without a hitch and unknown to the Germans, was the taking over of the trenches occupied in the Arras sector by General Petain's army which was released for Verdun. This gave the British an intact front of about one hundred miles; and was decided upon by the Allied commanders as wiser than a premature British offensive in the mire and bog of the flat country of Flanders and northern France.

A wisp of a flag and two sentries designate the entrance to the chateau smaller than that occupied by many division generals which is the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief. Anyone who expects to be ushered into offices with aides running in and out of doors and telephone bells ringing will be disappointed. No place could be farther removed from the struggle of the trenches and yet in the army zone.

The only occupants of the chateau beside Sir Douglas are his private secretary and his aides who are "crocks" which is the army word for officers who have been wounded and are not fit for the physical exposure of the trenches. In other words if a youngster wishes to become an aid he must have fought and then have the decision of a doctor that he can not stand living in cellar-like "dugouts."

The hour of any appointment is exact to the minute; and whoever has one at his chateau is expected to be there on the minute. General Headquarters time. There is little ceremony. Life at that small chateau has a real soldierly simplicity. At luncheon the soldier servant places the food on the sideboard and everyone takes his plate and helps himself. Few guests come. Sir Douglas keeps his time to himself for his work and his own choice of recreation.

One of the aides receives the caller; and a minute later the man with iron gray hair and moustache, sturdy, athletic of build, slightly above medium height, who comes into the hall could not be mistaken, whether in or out of uniform, for anything but a soldier though something about the well-chiseled regular features also suggest the scholar.

"Oxford and Sandhurst and India," said one of his admirers "and hard work at a desk when he was not taking exercise in the open air best describe him."

In one of the rooms of the ground floor the walls are hung with maps including a series which have been crowded on a roller. Any portion of the front in all its details may be referred to in a moment. In the center of the room a desk; and against the wall a table with more maps and drawings and some of those strange photographs from aeroplanes of grayish lines of trench systems in a dusky field of shell and mine-craters which make one think of the dead world of the moon. Out of doors a field of daisies birds singing, a typical sunny day in Northern France.

From this retreat a vast army is being trained and its organization completed and directed in the day by day tug-of-war for "The Chief." There is something impersonal about it and yet personal; for he is absolutely the chief. There is no suggestion of any commission system in the command of the British Army these days.

The man and his method are as quite as the room. With a battlefront which remains in the same place month after month the routine of his work has become almost as set as his habitation and not unlike that of the autocrat of some great business organization. The regular staff officers are in a town not far away. Subordinate chiefs of the different army branches, be it Operations, Intelligence, Ordnance or Supply, come to him in succession at hours set during the morning to make their reports and receive their instructions. They do most of the talking; and they have learned how not to do more than necessary. He listens, decides.

If a longer conference than usual is desired it may come at luncheon or later in the afternoon when he returns from his ride which he takes regularly every day. Then more work until dinner and some after dinner. If he goes down to the lines or perhaps to confer with General Joffre in the one car which alone of all the cars carrying staff officers and generals along the roads flies the British flag the routine for that day is broken.

Like General Joffre he sleeps long hours. A rested mind is a clear mind for great responsibilities. Like von Hindenburg he never reads fiction. When reading has not to do with his profession it is of serious books and monthlies and quarterlies. Even during the battle of Ypres when it was touch and go with disaster he slept as soundly as Joffre during the battle of the Marne. At a crisis of the retreat from Mons he remarked as quietly as if he were giving a direction to an aide: "We shall have to hold on here for a while if we all die for it." There is never any fustion about these modern scientific soldier organizers. Again during the retreat when a certain general became somewhat demoralized Sir Douglas took him by the arm and walked up and down with him in silence till he was over his fit of nerves on that terrible August day. Those who work with him know that his sign of anger is a prolonged silence of a telling kind. He has a temper but does not let it get past his lips, they say. He has, too, a keen sense of humor, with a Scotch flavor.

The impression he leaves on a caller is that of a leader without illusions; a soldier who sees with a soldier's logic; who is not afraid to be patient.

"In your Civil War," he said, "it was a case of raising armies of untrained men to fight armies of untrained men while with us the small nucleus of regular officers who survived the retreat had to train even larger forces to meet a military machine which had had forty years of preparation. Not only man to man, but in organization must we make ourselves superior to our powerful enemy. The training of battalions and the manufactture of guns in England and their transfer to France reperesented only the first stage of real preparation for our task. Here they must be organized into divisions, corps and armies under the actual conditions of warfare before they could become worthily effective as a whole in any decisive effort against a foe whose staff training, reinforced by experience in the field must remain excellent, however exhousted he becomes. Every day he grows weaker and we grow stronger. Owing to the indomitable spirit of our officers and men in learning we are accomplishing what seemed the impossible to many soldiers at the outset of the war. Our cause gives us strength; for we are fighting for civilization. Those who have looked to us for victory will have their patience rewarded."

A lieutenant in the trenches knows as much of when the blow will be struck as a corps commander of a staff department head. A quiet order from that quiet room and then the struggle, which by the token of the commanders strong chin and imperturbability, he will carry through with unbending resolution and Scotch "canniness."

Being a good Scot he goes every Sunday morning to a little wooden Presbyterian chapel which has been erected on the outskirts of Headquarters town where he sits in the company of Scottish officers and soldiers during a good Scotch sermon and a long one, too.

### THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY.

She's up there—Old Glory—she's waving o'erhead;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red,
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead—
She's the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars;
No blur on her brightness—no stain on her stars;
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars—
She's the flag of our country forever!
—Frank L. Stanton.



# QUEEN MOURNS KEENLY DEATH OF KITCHENER

**Bond of Sympathy Between Two Lonely Personages Was Striking.**

London, June 27. — Perhaps none outside of his immediate family was more grief-stricken at the news of Lord Kitchener's tragic death than Queen Alexandra. The attentiveness of the soldier to the Queen-Mother had long been notable, and there was a very strong bond of sympathy between these two, undoubtedly two of the loneliest figures prominent in contemporary London.

Indeed there was something pathetic in the lonely bachelorhood of the War Secretary, who occasionally to his intimates dropped remarks bearing on his lack of home and near relations. Not a week passed during the war in which he has not paid a visit to Marlborough House, where he would remain for long visits with Queen Alexandra, and come away with a long list of those combatants of whom her friends had made special inquiries. However pressing the demands of the campaigns on the various fronts, he would always return within a few days with the desired information.

Lord Kitchener had promised to be the Queen-Mother's guest during the coming summer at Sandringham. He constantly had ladies to lunch at his seat in Kent, Broome Hall, near Canterbury, on Sundays, and would show them how he was developing his gardens and dilate to them on the beauties of his china. Younger women were conspicuous by their absence at these times, the guests being chiefly peeresses and experts on gardening as well as the wives of men who had served under him in various campaigns.

At York House, St. James' Palace, he gave a number of dinner parties to men only, the military element being not always conspicuous at these. He liked doctors, though cared nothing for actors or musicians. Several of the higher clergy in London enjoyed his friendship and hospitality.

Lord Kitchener was personally well known to the owners of many of the more expensive curiosity shops in London. He would bargain over purchases, but did not possess the commercial sense, and in the end would always pay a good price, usually on his own initiative. The dealer generally received a check the day after delivery, the check being quite often post-dated a month or two.

### "DEAD MAN" DENIED BODY.

Just as his family was making preparations for his funeral, Joseph Macinski walked into his home at No. 45 Brunswick street, Bay way, N. J.

"How is this?" exclaimed one of his relatives as soon as speech was possible. "You are dead in the Bayonne Morgue, and you have been positively identified as the man killed by a Central of New Jersey train at the East Twenty-second street station in Bayonne."

Convinced that there had been an error, Macinski went to the Bayonne Morgue and looked at the body.

"No, that isn't me," he said solemnly, "Must be somebody else."

On that theory the authorities are holding the body for further identification.—New York American.